Winter Pass

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/35308351.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), Hannibal Lecter Series - All Media Types, Hannibal Lecter Tetralogy - Thomas Harris
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Mischa Lecter
Additional Tags:	Hurt/Comfort, Emotional Hurt/Comfort, Tenderness, Dorks in Love, Idiots in Love, Murder Husbands, Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder - PTSD, Post-Episode: s03e13 The Wrath of the Lamb, Mental Health Issues, Anxiety, hannibal has a lot of stuff, Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham, Will Graham Loves Hannibal Lecter, Comfort, Fluff, Domestic Fluff, hannibal the saddable, Slice of Life, Domestic, Hopeful Ending, very fluff much wowie, Explicit Sexual Content, In chapter 2, Sexual Content, Enthusiastic Consent
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of The Sight of You
Stats:	Published: 2021-11-24 Completed: 2021-12-06 Words: 6,206 Chapters: 2/2

Winter Pass

by Foxtrot (SolidState)

Summary

> “What does she sound like?” Will ventured, his voice anxious and awed. “In your memory palace. In your dreams.”
>
> “Small. She sounds terribly small.”
>
> Will hummed and nodded slightly, forehead pressed to his, watching Hannibal with those blazing eyes. Hazy and lovely in the shimmering light.
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> The cold reminds Hannibal of the worst days, Will helps him remember warmer ones.

Notes

> "Over the land freckled with snow half-thawed
> The speculating rooks at their nests cawed
> And saw from elm-tops, delicate as flowers of grass,
> What we below could not see, Winter pass."
> -Thaw, by Edward Thomas.

Nightmares

It was the cold. It was always the cold.

In Baltimore it snowed with such fervor you'd think God was trying to drown the whole goddamn city with it and yet something about winter in America was so unique from anywhere else in the world that Hannibal had never felt the biting chill quite like he did now. In America the season was boisterous, loud in a way that was inescapable and often went ricocheting through his skull like a bullet, the sheer level of holiday cheer foisted unto the world was enough to quiet the lingering ache inside him. In Baltimore he could go years without the cold bothering him. Years without waking in the middle of the night hearing a little girl screaming out his name in broken syllables. There was rarely snow here, in this little corner of the world he and Will carved a home out of, but the temperatures at night could drop drastically and left the air heavy with chill and the crisp scent of ice.

Will's voice sounded so terribly far away, a distant murky echo through the weight of subzero water crushing down on Hannibal second-by-second. Was he calling for him, or was Hannibal dreaming still? Was Will even really there at all?

“H.....nn....Han..”

Hannibal knew, *logically*, that he was awake. Could see the bedroom in the faint casting of blue-hour light that left everything looking gauzy and ethereal, but none of it felt tangible. His body was inaccessible, detached, rotten and freezing. So cold it burned warm against his skin or perhaps that was just the warm of Will's hand on his cheek.

“...are...you....C..an. You.....hear?”

Blue-light shimmering in his crystal eyes. Sea glass submerged in the ocean. Was it Will that was crying or was it himself?

“h...anniba...l?”

Oh.

“There you are.” Will says, hunched over him equal parts feral beast and sheltering warmth, Hannibal's face between his tender grasping hands. Scarred and rough at the knuckles, little callouses at his fingers where the press and drag of fishing line has worn at his skin.

“Here I am.” Will graciously doesn't address the rough timbre of his voice, the thick roll of his letters that mesh together more than his typical fluency is wont to do. He's caught Will trying to sound out the heavy weight of Lithuanian words on his tongue, trying to roll an 'r' in a way that his mouth wasn't trained to do or drop the sharp snap of his American accent. It endears him terribly.

“Where did you go, Hannibal?”

Will still has his hands on him, fingers dragging up along the rise of Hannibal's cheeks and into the dusty ash of his hair where it clings to his forehead with sweat despite the rushing cold in his blood. Hannibal shivers, trembles really, and Will hunkers down over him further – laying almost flush on top of him until the pressing crush of cold begins to subside. The steady rise and fall of Will's breath persuades Hannibal's to match, a breath in shared together and a breath out into the scant space between them.

“The snow. I was in the snow.”

“Why?”

“She called my name.”

When Hannibal was younger, in those early years as an accomplished and respect ER surgeon, his hands where steady as anything and the quivering in them now left him feeling bereft of something he couldn't put words to. Sometimes he wondered what might happen if his body began to decay with age; if his limbs grew stiff with arthritis and his eyes blurred more than they remained sharp, would Will remain? Yes. He knew he would, some days it was the only thing Hannibal ever knew for certain. A part of him ached sweetly at the thought of Will Graham helping him twist the lid off marmalade jars or picking out spectacles

that wouldn't make Hannibal look like a doddering old man, while another part contemplated whether or not he would be generous enough to put Hannibal out of his misery if they survived long enough to reach old age. Maybe they could lay down and die together before their minds went to mush or Jack Crawford found them too enfeebled to fight back.

Jack would shoot to kill. Kindness was a mercy he couldn't afford anymore.

“What does she sound like?” Will ventured, his voice anxious and awed. “In your memory palace. In your dreams.”

“Small. She sounds terribly *small*.”

Will hummed and nodded slightly, forehead pressed to his, watching Hannibal with those blazing eyes. Hazy and lovely in the shimmering light. Will Graham was created to destroy him. From every last wayward freckle or whorl of dark hair across his brow, even the sandpapery edges of his personality did nothing to diminish how truly destroyed Hannibal was by this man. Brilliant and wild.

“Will you...” His eyes darted across Hannibal's face, a slight furrow at his brows as he considered Hannibal for a long moment. “Can you tell me something about her? Something nice?”

The wetness trailing down his face was no longer cold. No longer left his skin burning from the Baltic chill. It was a warm kind of crying that left a tender longing in his chest, terrible but good. His arms wrapped around Will, grabbing fistfuls of his oversized sleep shirt as he pulled the man down so they where flush front-to-front and the pressing weight of Will bearing Hannibal down pushed all other sensations far far way.

“We had a garden and our mother tended to it religiously. Full of plums and pears, strawberries when the weather cooperated.” At some point he had begun dragging his slender fingers through Will's hair, scratching at the back of his skull with blunt nails. “But she...*Mischa*....I used to cut free the biggest eggplant I could find and she would just wrap her little arms around it and hold onto it like a teddy bear. It was ridiculous, this little girl waddling along in the grass with an eggplant practically the size of her entire body and treating it like a favorite toy. She liked that they where warm from the sun and would press her cheek into it to feel the heat.”

Hannibal could still see her chubby little cheek squished against this massive eggplant, looking up at him through pale lashes and the swing of her fringe as she babbled toddlers wisdom into the summer breeze.

Will laughed warm and gentle, butted his forehead against his hand when Hannibal paused his stroking through his dark hair. “Makes sense to me.”

“When she was tall enough to reach the counter I'd let her steal a bit of whatever I, or our mother, was cooking. She thought she was being so sneaky and clever, snatching cookies off the tray and running off wanting to be chased.”

“That seems to be a theme whenever you bake cookies.” Will admitted with a little grin on his handsome face.

“Have you secretly been a four year old this entire time, my dear? Because that would explain a lot.”

Will smacked his arm good naturedly, still grinning, but let out a little offended huff just for show.

“I would find morels in the woods and we would eat them just as I'd found them, staining our fingers purple so often that our father once bought me gloves just for foraging.”

Hannibal did not tell Will about the copper bathtub. The one Misha used to bathe in surrounded by towers of bubbles and little toys shaped like frogs and fish while Hannibal helped care for her, doted on her as if she was his own daughter as much as she was his sister. The copper bathtub that Vladis Grutas would go on to use as a stew pot while Hannibal fought against the iron chain around his skinny little throat. Will had asked for good things only and Hannibal ached to follow these instructions. One day he would tell Will everything, about the scrape of bone and the roar of invading planes overhead, but not now.

“I used to wonder what you where like as a kid. I always sorta pictured just this....miniature Hannibal Lecter in a three-piece suit driving his teachers absolutely up the wall because you wouldn't stop debating whether chicken nuggets counted as lunch.”

Hannibal let out a startled laugh, burying his face into Will's shoulder to unsuccessfully hide it from him.

“Do they make paisley ties for ten year olds or would you order it bespoke? I bet you would, even as a school boy.”

Will knew full well that he'd spent a great deal of his school years in a orphanage carved from the husk of his own home, eating whatever was put in front of him else he feel the pangs of hunger clawing from the inside-out, but that wasn't the point right now. This was a story from before Will knew any of that and one he knew would delight Hannibal in all its cheesy glory. It would please him to know Will had been thinking about his life like this even so early in their acquaintance.

“Perhaps I should open a business, then? Sell to affluent families with children who have singular fashion sense. I may not be a booming industry, but someone must fill the market demand for ten year olds.”

The press of Will's smile against his throat made something unravel in his heart, eased out the tension and the cold and replaced it all with the warm fluttering that always accompanied Will's touch. Even when that touch, in their early days, was sharp and painful. Will adjusted, rolling most of his weight off of Hannibal so he could lay on his stomach beside him in bed while keeping his cheek pressed against the thundering flutter of Hannibal's heart. Perhaps one day they could open a shop together and sell child-sized ties in a variety of gaudy patterns, pick fresh morels from the forest behind their apartment and leave eggplants to warm in the sun. Maybe one day he'd even pick out a copper bathtub with ornate claw feet and fine porcelain fixtures just to fill it tall with bubble bath and if Will was amenable, which he was certain to be, they could soak in it together. Chasing out the bite of cold inside the fragrant steam of the bath.

That was for later, though.

For now Will lay at his breast, tapping his fingers in a gentle rhythm against Hannibal's ribs in time with the fluttering of his heartbeat.

Night Hours

Chapter Summary

> The all encompassing way Will Graham forgave was wondrous and terrifying. Godly, if Hannibal was being honest. It made Hannibal a careful creature in ways he had never been before, would never be for anybody else, and here Will was putting himself at the mercy of the beast. You brave beautiful boy.
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> -
> Explicit rating for this chapter

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal's life was divided neatly into two categories; Before Will and After Will.

Before, Hannibal had only wanted for one thing and spent the entirety of his life working with increasing desperation towards this goal he knew was forever out of reach. The teacup would not come together no matter how many equations he came up with, no matter how many notebooks he filled, Hannibal could not reverse time. When he was younger he was reckless with purpose, thinking that perhaps if he where to die in the pursuit of his goal then at last the shards would gather together and reform in the shape of a little girl with hair like the sun. Maybe if he gave his life in exchange she would come back and even if Hannibal wouldn't be there to see her return it wouldn't matter because the world would be a better place with Mischa in it.

After, Hannibal feared death as he had feared nothing else. Not his own, though he no longer freely bartered with his life as he once did, it was not fear of his own mortality that kept him awake long into the night. It was fear for Will. The desperate clawing need to keep *safe,* to *protect,* to never let harm befall this man, was often so all encompassing Hannibal thought it might drive him insane. Or rather *more* insane than he was already legally declared. He wanted. He wanted with such fierce aching it roared in his blood and left Hannibal feeling hollowed out, scrapped clean from tip to tail. At first the intensity of it had made him afraid and that fear made him angry because who was Will Graham to come barging into his life like he had the right? Who was Will Graham to fill the empty spaces Mischa left behind?

At the time, this is what made him the most afraid; the possibility that one day it would be Will he would seek to reassemble the cup for. Hannibal was used to the ache Mischa brought to his heart, it was a comfortable sort of pain with which he was well acquainted and knew the exact shape and size of, but he was not used to the heartbreak Will Graham left in his wake. Hannibal had been afraid of Will in this way. Afraid because he turned Hannibal's world on it's axis and sent it spinning like a child's toy.

Hannibal did not fear him anymore.

He accepted, readily and eagerly and with tenderness even Hannibal did not know he was capable of, the place Will held in his life. Hannibal no longer feared what might happen should the teacup come together. No longer raged in righteous indignation that Will matched, surpassed in some ways, the childs love in his heart. It was a beautiful knowing. Hannibal would not trade it.

Now though, he feared *for* Will.

Feared the grasping fingers of the F.B.I and of Jack Crawford - who took Will's betrayal so personally it made Hannibal wonder if perhaps he wasn't the only man harboring possessiveness for the good Agent Graham. He feared for Will's empathy leading him into situations he couldn't get out of on his own, of placing himself in danger for the sake of another who had not earned the sight of Will's viciousness.

Sometimes all it took was a slightly too interested glance from a stranger out at the market made Hannibal's blood rush cold with; *Do they know? Do they recognize us? Do we need to run? How much time do we have to pack?Where can I put Will so he will be safe?* But then Will would put his hand in Hannibal's, smaller yes but strong and warm all the same, and the fear would quiet down a low simmer.

It was not fear that he felt at the sight of Will surrounded by towering bubbles as he reclined in the deep copper and porcelain tub, the scent of willow and lotus blooming out of the water.

“I like the new bathtub.” Will said cheekily as he came to lean against the lip of it, arms crossed so he could rest his chin atop them. Bubbles clung to the damp curls of his hair like glittering snowflakes.

Hannibal *stared* and knew he had been doing so for far longer than was appropriate, than what someone would be comfortable with, but Will didn't mind. He simply stared back with a placid look on his handsome face. It was Will's favorite frivolity, this '*stupidly expensive bougie as hell bubble bath*' as he called it, but Hannibal liked to indulge Will in things he knew the man wasn't always ready to allow himself. Growing up on the decidedly low end of 'middle class' Will often struggled with the kind of easy opulence that Hannibal offered him, not unappreciative but certainly unaccustomed to Hannibal's readiness to give.

Will had once revealed a time when one of Beau Graham's poker buddies gifted him a second hand Playstation for his 12th birthday and Will had nearly cried at the sight of it. He hadn't understood that sometimes a gift came with an *expectation of repayment* until a week later when the same poker buddy tried to put his hands on Will and made clear what kind of 'gift' the game console had been. That was the first time Will had ever cut another person and he had no qualms about telling Hannibal how much he had enjoyed nearly severing right through the mans fingers with his dads hunting knife.

If Hannibal hadn't been reassured that the man was well over a decade dead he would've been ass deep in the Louisiana bayou by now, dragging the lecher kicking and screaming to the 'gaters.

Now he had come to realize that none of Hannibal's gifts came with any unsavory expectations, in fact they came with no expectations at all – unsavory or otherwise, and while Will was still prone to embarrassed fussing whenever he was presented with a gift this was one of very few things Will simply adored too much argue over. Will liked the massive ceramic bottle the bubble bath came in, the one with two blue birds and a flowering bloom on the front – it even had a little tassel wrapped around the neck of the jar and honestly who puts woven tassels on a bottle of *bubble bath?*

It was $68 and as far as Hannibal was concerned it was pennies compared to how Will had grinned and laughed the first time he'd sunken into the bath and held a handful of bubbles up to Hannibal with childish glee.

“Do you want to come in?” He offered after Hannibal had stood there staring for well over ten minutes.

Hannibal shook his head, a little dazed, and instead pulled the stool out from under the sink and settled himself behind the tub. “Not today, lean back if you please.”

Rolling his shirtsleeves up Hannibal set about lathering shampoo between his hands, a feeling of displacement rushing through his bones at the sight of Will in the copper tub and bathed in clouds of sweet smelling bubbles. A strange crossing of the timelines that superimposed Will and Mischa when the halogen light of the bathroom fixture hit *just* the right way. The urge to care for him was impossibly strong. An need so deep it was part of his very DNA. Will said nothing as Hannibal urged him to wet his hair again and set about scrubbing his long fingers through the thick whorls of his hair, short nails scratching gently at his scalp.

Distantly, Hannibal realized he was speaking - words gurgling out his throat like the acrid water of the Atlantic had done so many months ago and he was unable to stop them.

“Grutas took her out into the snow, to a chopping block they'd set up like the one farmers used for chickens.”

Hannibal nudged Will's shoulder, urging him to rinse the soap from his hair and when Will popped back up Hannibal helped him step out of the tub and into the warmth of a big fluffy towel. Evergreen and thick enough to practically be a blanket, it set the hazy color of his eyes into something closer to teal than the chilled arctic blue Hannibal was familiar with.

“I knew what they where feeding me, those cold dregs of watery broth. I was eight years old but I still knew what I was eating. I was so starved, so hungry. At the time it was the most delicious meal I'd ever eaten.”

Will let him fluff the towel over his body, clinical almost if not for the amount of care behind it.

“She screamed for me to help her but I couldn't. I wanted to, I tried to. *I swear I did*. They kept us with chains around our necks like little dogs and I was tied to the stairs as they took her. But I tried. I tired and she screamed.”

At some point Hannibal realized he had redressed Will in a pair of flannel pajama bottoms and one of his own pullover sweaters that hung too big across Will's shoulders, dangled at the sleeves all the way to the tips of his fingers. At no point did Will try to stop him, simply moved his body this way-and-that to let Hannibal dress him.

“I found them later and I killed them. But she was still screaming, until you came.”

It wasn't until he felt the press of Will's mouth against his cheek, against the slide of warm tears trickling down his face, that Hannibal jerked back to the present with jarring acuity. It felt like seconds and eons had passed.

“You're here.” Will said, so terribly soft.

They where in bed, the one they shared because they'd done so on the boat Chiyoh had used to pull them from the Atlantic and even once they'd recovered on dry land they'd never separated (never thought to), with Hannibal clutching to Will tight enough it *must* be hurting him. Will has his hands on either side of Hannibal's teary face, occasionally pushing the sweep of fine tawny hair from his forehead in a grounding touch, his gentle voice cooing wordlessly, the warmth of his lips on Hannibal's brow.

“I...I am here, Will.”

Somewhere in his memory palace, in the wing where the floors where more craterous holes than solid ground, a door creaked and groaned on it's hinges but Will was there as he had been the night they'd slain a dragon – powerful and bloody and beautiful. With blood on his hands and speckled across his pale face, his eyes so bright they'd shown silver in the moonlight, Will pressed his hand to the ancient door and pushed it shut again. Nothing more than a gentle touch against splintering wood that echoed loud as a gunshot in the halls of Hannibal's mind.

Will did not say sorry with words because none existed for what he needed to say. 'Sorry' was a paltry withering thing to express what had happened. The cruelty of it. The needless pain. The loss. Of a little girl barely old enough to form words but old enough to cry for her brother and the loss of who Hannibal might have once been, of his potential to be whole. Will took a moment, only that, to imagine a world where Hannibal did not suffer and then let the thought pass by on the wind. Hannibal was with him now, the what-ifs didn't matter.

“Stay with me, Hannibal. Don't go where I can't follow.”

“I wont, I won't. I promise. I'm here with you.”

Hannibal found the warm patch of skin where Will's shirt had ridden up and smoothed his hand along the exposed curve of his hip, slipping up under the hem of his shirt to rest along the dip of his spine and drag Will closer with the press of his palm. Being allowed this closeness still sent a shock of warmth down his belly that Hannibal didn't think would ever ease, this ready touch Will had initiated after the fall always made Hannibal a little dazed. It was far more than he ever hoped to be given.

More than he knew he deserved.

Will was constantly surprising him, just as he was doing now as he tugged at Hannibal until he sat atop him with his full weight boring Will down. It was not unlike how Will had crouched over him a few short nights ago and used the weight of his body to tether Hannibal back to reality. It felt different this time, with Hannibal above him and breathing down the expanse of Will's throat.

In Baltimore it had always been Hannibal that initiated touch; the grip of his hand at the back of Will's head, the brush of his palm sweeping along the mans jaw and around the delicate line of his neck, standing too close as he walked the span of Hannibal's office, crowding in on Will until he could no longer refuse to meet Hannibal's needy gaze.

Their first *mutual* touch had been the Red Dragon, when Will had held his arms out and pulled himself into Hannibal with the kind of easy assurance lovers had in sharing simple contact. But Will never stopped. The first day Hannibal woke to the gentle sway and bobbing of the ship Will was right there, hands still on him. Through the daze of pain and medication it was all Hannibal could focus on, that gentle hand in his own as Will slept propped up at an uncomfortable angle that suggested he had fallen asleep watching over him.

The touching never stopped, even when Will's confidence went through periods of growth and recession; some days he would reach out and hold Hannibal's hand as if it was the most natural thing in the world while other times his touch was an anxious rabbit-quick brush

against his shoulder as if Will feared the privilege would be stripped from him if he imposed too much. Wary and needy in equal measure. In those early days of being strapped to an IV with antibiotics rushing through his blood it was often Will's touch that made it worth anything at all.

Will was putting Hannibal back in control now, just like he had been in Maryland. Back when the control he had over Will was watching his brain alight with visions and fire.

“I see you, Hannibal. *It's ok.*”

The all encompassing way Will Graham forgave was wondrous and terrifying. Godly, if Hannibal was being honest. It made Hannibal a careful creature in ways he had never been before, would never be for anybody else, and here Will was putting himself at the mercy of the beast. *You brave beautiful boy.*

“You never asked me to not to touch. Even when I tore you apart...” Hannibal dragged his fingers, light and searching, across the puckered scar across his belly. “...you never said 'if you loved me, you'd stop'.”

His hand slipped higher, rucking up the sweater he'd dressed the other man in with a kind of wild carelessness, stroking the still too-prominent line of Will's ribs. The tremulous way Will writhed beneath him was intoxicating.

“I didn't want you to. Even when it hurt.”

Hannibal bowed his head and nudged cat-like at Will's cheek, nosing along the strong line of his jaw to breathe deep the heady scent lingering at his throat; an earthy sort of musk like petrichor and clove cigars lingering just below the prominent bite of his arousal, of ozone – electric like when lightning strikes before rain. It was maddening. Three years spent in solitude without any ounce of Will to nourish himself on but memories and now here he was given permission to drink his fill.

Hannibal did not say sorry with words.

Instead he pressed a kiss against the dip of his clavicle, the warm spot behind Will's ear and the upturned corner of his lips. Then Will turned and caught them together, breathed them in one shared breath and filled Hannibal's lungs himself. Kissing Will was more like sharing communion, a sacrament, and he knew Will would tease him if Hannibal shared this purple prose aloud but it was true all the same.

Will shifted, propping his feet flat on the bed so his legs bracketed Hannibal and he could draw them closer together in a way that they hadn't quite been before. In a way Hannibal had thought of since he first saw Will Graham in Jack Crawford's office and knew this man would destroy him one way or the other. It wasn't as if Hannibal hadn't thought about sex with Will before, he had done so shamelessly and with increasing frequency over the years - particularly while incarcerated, it's just he hadn't expected *Will* to have done so too.

Hannibal had not expected their desires to dovetail so surely, but it was folly to ever try and predict Will Graham.

“I don't want to hurt you, Will. I won't. I *can't*.”

The thought of it now brought a lingering ache, a throbbing bruise to his heart that years apart had left to flourish. *I don't know if we could survive separation.* At the beginning, when his infatuation was new and more of an obsession than anything close the absolute devotion he felt now, Hannibal could have never imagined a time he wouldn't seek to pick Will apart at the seams. Oh yes he would do it tenderly, lovingly even, but still Hannibal would happily have peeled him apart from the inside out.

But then Will was there.

With his calloused fingers pressed to ballistic glass and his eyes glittering in the lowlight and Hannibal *knew* with bone deep surety that he would happily die for Will Graham. One moment they where torn apart with the gulf of years between them and the next they had come back together as if they'd never missed a single step in the dance they where making up as they went along. A twist, a step forward, a retreat, a dip, their hands in each others grasp and at the others shoulder or waist. Leading and being led.

A waltz to music only they could hear.

“I know you won't. Not like this.”

Will was pushing at Hannibal's shirt, tugging it gracelessly off his broad shoulders, and Hannibal couldn't recall even feeling him undo the buttons but to be fair he was considerably distracted as he stroked reverently at Will's bath-warmed skin. At Will's encouragement he sought about tugging the sweater off of him with total disregard for where it landed, his disinterest in tidiness making Will laugh in that way that made his eyes crinkle.

“That's terribly rude of you, Doctor Lecter.” he teased, a little breathless but looking up at Hannibal with open fondness he didn't deserve.

The halo of his dark hair mussed against the pale yellow of the pillows etched itself firmly into Hannibal's memory. One arm was up above his head, palm up like he was receiving an offering, while the other was stroking through Hannibal's hair.

“I am feeling in an especially rude mood this evening, I hope you'll allow me to make it up to you.”

A decidedly mischievous look crossed Will's face a second before he raised his hips and ground up against him, bringing a shuddering gasp from the both of them. It seems Will was quite happy to let him make amends for his rudeness as their clothing was unceremoniously tugged off and discarded and Hannibal was graced with the sight of Will naked and squirming beneath him.

They had been in various states of undress together given the severity of their medical needs, but it was a very different thing to be helped in the shower when one man had a through-and-through in his abdomen and the other with half his face torn apart. He had never had Will like *this,* greedy and handsome and reaching for his touch. It was so much, so so much.

“*Will.* Let me? Please?”

His hands lifted Will, scooping him up from under his trembling thighs to bring him against the desperate roll of Hannibal's hips, mouthing soft and biting hard from his throat to his collar bone and back again. Will let out a ragged gasping breath and nodded jerkily, looking fairly debauched as he put his palms flat behind him against the headboard to push his body back against the languorous way Hannibal was grinding them together. Seeking wildly for what he knew he wanted but hadn't experienced the *practical application* of before.

"*Hannibal*." He breathed out when those searching fingers pushed and rubbed, drawing reedy whimpers from Will's throat that could have sent Hannibal right over the edge untouched.

"I've got you, mylimasis. Beautiful boy."

How could Hannibal possibly explain to the man he was all those years ago just how *absolutely fucking stupid* he had been. Stupid to have ever thought he could live, survive, without Will Graham. To have entertained, for even a moment, the act of rending Will apart with knife or bone-saw or his own snarling teeth. The sight of Will looking up at him, *seeing* and *knowing* with the stormy sea of his eyes, was enough to bring Hannibal to ruin.

Will watched, enthralled and gasping, at the first slow press of Hannibal's cock into him - bigger by far than the mans fingers had been and for a moment Hannibal worried at Will's discomfort.

Then Will used his leverage against the headboard to push back harder and quicker than he rightly should have, taking all of Hannibal into him at once with an impatient wail – his back bowed and his head thrown back to the celling. Hannibal keened harshly into his shoulder, hands still holding Will from underneath.

"*Šūdas*." He ground out, heaving in a shuddering breath. "Slow, you'll hurt yourself*."*

Will shook his head, squirming his ass against the press of his cock with an unabashed neediness. "No no it's good. It's so good. *You're* good. Do it again*"* he pleaded.

It was impossible to refuse Will anything, especially when he begged Hannibal so brazenly, and certainty not this. He withdrew slow and steady, playing at an almost lazy pace as he

almost fully pulled out from Will's body before driving back into him with an abrupt snap that sent the headboard cracking into the wall. Hannibal was rewarded with a shout and Will's nails scratching down his back as he pleaded *again again again.*

“I would keep you like this forever, darling boy. Keep you with me, around me, *taking me*.” Hannibal breathed heavily against his throat, hot breath against hot skin and the rising needy pitch of Will's voice as he fucked him into the mattress.

He wondered vaguely if the unmistakable sound of the bed smashing into the wall could be heard from outside, half hoping it would be. Let no man question their relationship.

Will's arms came around his back, fingers clutching at the scruff of Hannibal's hair as he adjust his grip on Will's legs to drape one up over his shoulder – it was an absolutely *degenerate* sight, Will spread out like this with his legs splayed open and the aching red of his cock dragging wetly across his own stomach. Hannibal knowing he was the only one who would ever get to see it, to see Will this agonizingly beautiful. Will must be seeing the same openly destroyed look on Hannibal's face as he saw on Will's.

It took very little for Will to come once he wrapped a hand around his cock and stroked in time with the slap of their hips, a twist of his wrist and the way he squeezed just a little too roughly at the leaking head had Will coming with a plea on his lips.

“Don't stop, keep going. I want to feel you.” Will babbled, cheeks flushed and hair clinging to his forehead.

It was easy for Hannibal to scoop his arms up beneath Will and pull him flush to his chest, easier still to obey and fuck him with a feral abandon he wouldn't have given into if not for Will asking for it. He bit when he felt his peak rising low in his belly, teeth around the soft flesh of Will's throat like an animal rutting but did not break skin – only pressed his teeth against him to feel the fluttering of Will's pulse when he came inside of him.

Hannibal wasn't sure if he had spoken or growled or roared, only that Will was whining in pleased over-stimulation and circling his hips to take as much of Hannibal as he could. Animal and base like Hannibal had been. An instinctive need to mark and be marked. Surely it would be hurting him soon, uncomfortable at the least, but Will wasn't eager to part and locked his ankles around Hannibal's waist to keep him inside a moment longer.

Hannibal stroked a soft hand up his flank, lowering Will's legs back down to a decidedly more comfortable position as he murmured gentle words against his brow.

“Love is most nearly itself when here and now cease to matter.”

Will laughed, a little rough and airy thing as Hannibal gathered him to his chest to lay side-by-side, completely unbothered by the mess on Will's abdomen. “Did you just quote *T.S Elliot* at me?”

Hannibal hummed into the top of his head, nosing along the curve of his cheek with a half dazed look of such besotted contentment on his face it would have been a little funny if Will didn't have a matching expression. “Perhaps.”

“I need another bath, will you join me this time?”

“Yes, if you will have me.”

Neither made any great effort to get up, but would - eventually - meander back into the bathroom with it's copper and porcelain tub that no longer made Hannibal think of cold winters and blood in the snow.

He would look at it now and think of Will with his skin scrubbed pink and clean, smelling of willow and lotus. Steam fogging the mirror as rivulets of water dripped off the curl of Will's hair and streamed down his cheeks in little rivers. He would think of this first time they where together and how Will squirmed and mewled when Hannibal cleaned the slick off and out of him.

Hannibal would not hear her screaming for him across the decades, only Will pressing gentle words to his lips.

Chapter End Notes

Ya'll ever hear 'War Of Hearts' by Ruelle?
Cuz you gotta. It's premium murder husband fodder.
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=49ZhrgtR-S4

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!